

AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

VOL. II, No. 15.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1856.

WHOLE No. 67.

Truth.

In its common acceptance, truth is the right representation of facts as they occur, and the faithful description of circumstances and things, as they exist, by one person to others. The opposite to this is falsehood. Truth, however, is, beyond this, of infinite signification. It embraces the whole philosophy of nature. God being the fountain of truth, the whole universe of matter and mind, has truth for its foundation and for its governing principle. It is a self-evident proposition, that there can be but one philosophy, or system of government, pervading the unbounded empire of nature. Were there two, they must differ and conflict, which would produce derangement, anarchy and chaos. There being but one God, or Supreme Ruler of the Universe, there can be but one general philosophy; and this is truth, in its broadest sense.

There is a philosophy by which worlds are continually created—so to term it. In other words, there is a philosophy by which matter is continually organized, disorganized and reorganized. The cast-off matter of superior worlds, in their course of refinement, or progression towards perfection, is, as we are taught, taken care of, conglobated and made the nucleus of another world, to be made the nursery of vegetable life, animal life, and immortal mind. This is done by the workings of that all-pervading philosophy by which God governs His Universe; and this result proves that there is no error, but all truth, in the whole infinite system.

The production of one spire of grass, one leaf of a tree, or one of those invisible animalcula, a troop of whom are crushed to death at every foot-fall, is as great a wonder, to the incarnate mind, as the production of a world, and affords as conclusive evidence that there is a general system of operations pervading the whole dominion of nature. And it is the province of man, first to know himself, and then to learn as much as is practicable of the infinite truth of God's economy, in the government of the universe.

If, in the attempt to scan his own interior self, the inquirer take the position that God implanted in his infant physical organism, a mature soul, whose attributes and qualities had merely to be unfolded as the physical system progressed towards maturity, he will embrace an error, and not a truth; although some philosophers there are who thus argue. As well may the same philosopher argue that the mill-shaft, which is fifty feet long and three feet in diameter, was in the acorn complete, before it germinated the tree of which the shaft was made. The physical body and the spirit are in their infancy at the same time. The living soul breathed into the infant, is a mere spark of divinity, like the principle of vegetable life in the germ of the oak. It grows as the body grows, and becomes healthy and powerful, or sickly and weak, according to the manner of its nursing and the matter of its food. If the mind, or soul, of man, progress from knowledge to knowledge, and from perfection to perfection, eternally, there must have been a time when it commenced progressing; and that time must have been when it was breathed into the infant physical organism. This is truth, and its converse is error.

With this truth in view, how important is the duty of every mind, to endeavor to cultivate itself, that it may grow in wisdom and purity, and become fit for the transition, when its earthly tabernacle is ripe for dissolution. And how vastly important is it that parent minds so nurse, so feed and so guide those infant minds which are committed to their care, that they will grow up and become healthy and vigorous, with capabilities to grasp, analyze, digest, and comprehend the truths of nature

as they open before them. The nature of this parental obligation may be better conceived by comparing the soul which has been properly nursed, fed and trained, with the one which has been dwarfed, cramped and distorted, by being nursed in the lap of ignorance, fed upon the pap of superstition, and trained to the acceptance of lying logic and foolish philosophy. The one will become a brilliant lamp to the feet of humanity, in the foot-way of science, philosophy, and religious truth; and will pass into the celestial spheres with *excelsior* written on his forehead. The other will creep, mole-like, to the end of his earthly journey, unseen and unseen, and become an archangel sometime in the course of eternal ages. But the effect upon both will be of eternal duration; for the first will never see the time when he would not have been infinitely lower in the scale of angelic being, if he had been nursed and fed and trained as the second was; and the second will never see the time when he would not have attained to an infinitely higher position, if he had been treated, in all respects, as the first was. This philosophy is truth, and its converse is error. And, reader, allowing it to be true, will you endeavor to reflect what an important—what a vastly important, truth it is? O, what an awful responsibility does this truth present to the minds of those who have charge of human souls, from infancy to adult age!

In all the finite relations and surroundings of man, good and evil—so called—are mingled. Truth and error are presented to him, on either hand, and all around him, in his whole path-way of mundane existence. And, to him who is ready to ask if an all-wise and all-powerful Creator could not have made a more favorable arrangement of circumstances for His human children, in their primary state of existence, we answer emphatically, *no*, he could not. The why He could not, shall shortly appear. First, however, let us, as well as human conception is capable of doing so, compare the duration of the earth-life, in which we may be supposed to suffer from the effects of this commingling of truth and error, with the duration of the life eternal, in which there is no error, but truths eternally unfolding to the ever progressing soul. Let the term of the earth-life be represented by the unit *one*. Then let us conceive a ball of the finest silk thread, the circumference of which would be equal to the earth's orbit. Let that ball of silk be unwound and stretched to its extent, in a straight line. Let this line be strung compactly full of pieces of the thinnest paper, on each of which the figure 9 is printed. Then let all these figures be read, according to the rule of notation or numeration; and let every unit of that number equal the unit which represents the term of an earth-life. Now, when we consider that the human soul, after having passed through this inconceivable number of ages, is yet in the early morning of eternity, not having made it one second shorter, is it not madness to complain of the labor of choosing between truth and error, and of the pain caused us by our mistakes, in that brief moment of earth-life?

Let us now see if we are not right in our position, that God could not have arranged circumstances more favorably for man, in his primary state of existence. We have already proved that the human mind, or spirit, is a mere spark of the divine essence, when it enters the embryo earth-form; that it grows as the body grows; ripens as the body ripens, and becomes either strong or weak, virtuous or vicious, wise or unwise, according to the nursing, aliment and training which it receives at the hands of those who have charge of it. Such is the nature of mind that, when it arrives at a state of development in which it is capable of laboring for itself, continual labor is necessary to its continual develop-

ment and progress from perfection to perfection; and, without this employment, it would remain stationary, or retrograde, and could never become fitted for the transition from this to the second state of existence. And, in such case, it must be remanded to earth, in its spirit form, to pass another probation season, perhaps many times the length of the first term, before it will be fitted to take up the march of eternity, in pursuit of the ever unfolding truths of the spirit realm.

The labor which the mind has to perform continually, in discriminating between truth and error, in this life, is adapted, by Infinite Wisdom, to its improvement and progress. Every mistake which it makes, in its attempts at discrimination, makes it only the wiser and stronger. If it listen to the precepts of the wise, it will have less difficulties to encounter, and it will rise more rapidly in the scale of intelligence and virtue; and it will still have the advantage of the experience of others who listen to unwise counsel. If it do not listen to the counsel of wisdom, it will have to learn by experience, and suffer, in disappointments and other evil consequences, for choosing the wrong counsellor. Here is an example of a wrong choice between truth and error; and the wise mind can see such examples and their consequences, and profit by them, every day.

Every discerning mind will admit that labor is necessary to the health and robustness of the physical system. If a man should be reared, from infancy to adult age, without physical exertion, he would have no strength of constitution, and would not be able to stand any of the buffets of active life. He would be as nothing in the hands of one whose bones and muscles are strengthened by daily labor. And the same philosophy is applicable to the mind. It has no power but what it acquires by exercise; and the more it is exercised on proper subjects, the sounder and more powerful will it become. Had the Creator placed His human children in a primary state of existence, in which there was nothing but truth, the mind would have had nothing to do, and could never have expanded and attained to the capabilities which it now reaches in this life.

In the spirit world, there are no errors mingled with truths; but the knowledge of the truths of God and nature, is not to be attained, there, any more than here, without continual labor. Nor would heaven be heaven without the labor necessary to the unfoldment of the infinite truths which lie hidden all along the path-way of eternal progression. Were it true that the human soul, after entering the spirit world, has nothing to do but sit around the throne of God and sing psalms of praise continually, as has been taught by orthodox theology, the second state of existence would be a mere sing-song monotony, in which the spirit could never progress nor improve in capabilities of enjoyment; and the earth-life would be a paradise, compared with it. It is the eternal progression, from sphere to sphere of wisdom, and from degree to degree of happiness, resulting from continued effort, that makes heaven the untiring and evermore pleasing home of the soul. This philosophy is Truth; and its converse is Error. But, as truth is as infinite in extent as it is in duration, we may not be expected to give more than, comparatively, an infinitesimal atom of it, from the scanty store-house of our conceptions.

Is Spiritualism True?

This question does not embrace that other one which asks if every thing which is communicated by spirits is true; or that which inquires if all which purports to come from spirits, does really come from them. If spirits do really hold intercourse with mortals; and if they do really perform such physical feats as lifting the heaviest articles of household furniture, and making them dance as if they were things of life; playing artistically on various instruments of music; writing with pen, ink and paper, without human aid or immediate presence; and, in similar manner, making drawings of the human form and countenance, landscapes, &c.; then spiritualism is true, however false some spirits may be, or however dishonestly some media act, in counterfeiting spiritual communications and manifestations, when there are no genuine ones made through them.

That spirits do communicate with mortals, is now a truth as firmly established as is the Copernican system of Astronomy. No man who has any regard for his reputation as a man of discernment and ingenuousness, will now dare to deny that spirits make their presence known to mortals, and communicate with them intelligently. It is true that the orthodox clergy, and their shadows among the laity, pretending still to cling to that stultifying myth—an infernal deity, set up in opposition to Almighty God—which has come down to them through the dark ages, from remote Heathendom, pretend to believe that all the communications and manifestations purporting to come from the spirits of our friends, who have preceded us to the spirit land, are really from the devil. Now, if the existence of such a being were not an obsolete idea, as it is throughout the world where mind and spirit predominate over ignorance and materiality, there would still be evidence conclusive against such a position, in the teachings which are received from the supra-mundane intelligence, whatever it is. Never do they fail to inculcate the most elevated principles of morality, or to impress upon the minds of mortals, by the most pathetic language of affectionate exhortation, the duty of loving each other, and manifesting their gratitude to their Heavenly Father, for His infinite love and beneficence, by words of sympathy and acts of kindness towards their fellow man. This being the uniform character of spirit teachings; and the adage being true, that "the tree is known by its fruits," the devil-theory of the salary inspired clergy, is annihilated, even if there were as many devils as the most capacious hell could contain.

Spiritualism being thus founded on the rock of eternal truth, it cannot be affected by any dishonesty which may be practised by media, or pretended media. As we have remarked on previous occasions, mediums are not created by spirits. They can develop the principles or qualities of spiritual mediumship, when they find them latent in the human idiosyncrasy; but they cannot supply them where they are not. Hence they are not to be censured for not choosing honest and true persons for mediums. And even if they do take an immoral man or woman for a medium, when they might find as good ones that are morally pure, who shall say that it is not angelic to use the one who needs the reformatory effect incident to being made a trumpet, through which misdirected humanity is called to the feast of eternal truth, rather than to take the one which needs no reformation.

Supposing that media, through whom spirits have been accustomed to communicate and manifest, do occasionally cheat those who attend their circles, by producing factitious manifestations; is it any more wonderful than it is to see a Reverend pastor of an orthodox church, running away from the law which would send him to the penitentiary, for prostituting one of the lambs of his flock?

Young boys, who neither know nor care any thing for the important truths and divine beauties of spiritualism, are frequently developed as powerful media, and used by undeveloped spirits. To such ones, the manifestations made through them are exciting; and the notice taken of them by those who witness such manifestations, stimulates their self-esteem, and frequently induces them to take measures to supply the deficiency, when the spirits fail to manifest, as they must often do when the conditions are unfavorable. Such, it appears, has been the case with the DAVENPORT boys in New York. We learn, from undoubted authority, that they have been detected in the act of counterfeiting a spiritual manifestation; the manner of which was as follows: The older boy procured a brown glove, which he made into the likeness of a man's hand, by stuffing it; and then, by attaching some kind of a supplement to the wrist of it, made it so that he could pull it over the toe of his boot. Thus prepared, "the spirit," required the gas to be turned off so that there was just light enough to show the form of the bogus spirit-hand poking up from under the table. It appears that they had been suspected of various fraudulent practices there, as they were here; and two gentlemen—Mr. PARTRIDGE and Mr. COLES—were determined to expose them and put a stop to it. On this occasion Mr. Coles tended the light, and, instead of turning it down, when required

to do so, turned it up full, and sprang upon the boy, who was perpetrating the fraud. He succeeded in taking the artificial hand from him, and making it manifest that it was not made of "condensed atmosphere."

We are heartily glad of this exposure; nor shall we fail, on any occasion, to aid in giving publicity to frauds of this nature, when they are detected. We are glad that the gentlemen who made this discovery are spiritualists, and that they had the independence to make it public.

We have all the less charity for such conduct, in those boys, because we know that they have—or had—extraordinary medium powers, and had no occasion for practising deception. But, when we look at the case dispassionately, we cannot see how any different course should be expected of them. As we before observed, they feel nothing and know nothing of the sacredness of spiritualism; and their highest aspiration is to be stared at as prodigies. They are, probably, about as honest and conscientious as a majority of the boys who have received the principal part of their moral education in the streets of Buffalo; and they could see no great moral obliquity in providing something marvelous for wonder-seekers to stare at, when the spirits failed to furnish realities, as they frequently must.

Here let us observe, that, in our investigations of the spiritual phenomena, we have found the manifesting spirits subject to a law which they could not evade or contravene. The principal part of our experience in these matters, has been at what we have taken the liberty to designate as Brooks' Spirit Room; and there we have frequently sat in a circle for hours, without receiving the slightest evidence of spirit presence. And when we inquired, at other times, why we were thus disappointed, we were informed that spirits could not manifest their presence unless the conditions were favorable; and that they had no power to change the conditions. And this law, they tell us, is universal. Hence, it is plain, that those media who never fail to entertain company with spiritual manifestations, must be provided artificially, for such occasions.

We can but hope that the father of these boys, is, himself, deceived by them, and is not cognizant of their tricks. And this would seem probable, from the fact that, "the spirits," on the occasion alluded to, required that he should leave the room. We also hope it will prove to be a lesson to him never again to prostitute the sacred cause of spiritualism to the accumulation of dollars. And it is our most devout wish that all spirit media who are influenced by mercenary motives, to go abroad and peddle spiritual manifestations, will have cause to regret it, and learn to say, as the Apostle did, that the gift of God cannot be purchased with money.

Lecture No. 11.—By Stephen R. Smith.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM—REPUBLISHED.

SYMPATHY.

There is nought, either in heaven or on earth, which unfolds more gentle and sacred thoughts within the soul than the power of sympathy. It unfolds the fullness of the internal feelings, in language beautiful and glorious. It is a power which breaks upon the lonely spirit in grandeur and expansiveness, and the soul conceives thoughts which originate from spontaneous communion with nature. It unfolds a social and spiritual harmony with a love of refinement and elevation. It seems conducive to the development of the spiritual and mental organization, and creates fine and noble feelings within the hardest heart.—It creates emotions and impulses within the mind which open our souls to the grandeur of creation and welcome every thought which communicates truth and intelligence to the understanding. It refines and spiritualizes the feelings and conduces to the more perfect appreciation of the laws and beauties of nature and of God.

Sympathy dwells not alone upon earth, its fragrance is felt in heavenly spheres, where gentle minds are unfolded and refined by its calm and strengthening influence. It portrays to the understanding the

thoughts, the sorrows and feelings of desolated and bereaved hearts, who sometimes feel that there is no happiness for them upon earth or in a higher state of existence. Sympathy is a missionary of cheerfulness and happiness. It seeks the lowest conditions of infamy. It seeks the bed side of the sick, reveals to the afflicted one, the glories of God, and speaks of holier sympathies dwelling in loftier minds, beyond the world of tears and pain. It follows the inanimate form to its last resting place, and, upon snowy pinions, is wafted to heaven, where the spirit seeks its way to a sunnier clime, where it will be free from toil and pain.

Though the human heart yields to the power of sympathy, yet there are, transplanted into that better world, richer and holier sympathies, which attract the spirits of the departed back to their friends, whom they left upon the lands of oppression and injustice, and breathe of hopes and joys that cultivate the intellect and elevate the mind. It comes with a beautiful force—a force which strikes deep at the root of religious bigotry, and draws the mind upwards to the important truths of God and nature. When the page of humanity was stained with the blood of dying martyrs, sympathy shed its halo of light over their minds, and the last expiring breath told that happy thoughts dwelt within the inmost soul at the moment of the spirit's transition from an ungracious world to its future and eternal home. When Christ bled upon the cross for the sake of mankind, and as the large drops of blood stole down his side, it drew from many hearts the evidences of sympathy, and he quietly expired to awaken to the joys and beauties of a more glorious world. Then smother it not, but let its genial influence be spread over the earth, and let all realize its power. It is an attribute of Deity, and is a vivifying emanation of the Divine Mind.—It inspires our sensibilities and animates our every thought. It is one of the principles and emotions which perpetually actuate the mind, and its tendency is to refinement and elevation. It occupies a position of superiority in the immortal mind; it is the truest and highest intellectual development of the spirit, and is capable of causing the soul to enjoy the harmonies and teachings of the sublimest truths. It has much to do with human progress and harmonization. It is an offspring of feeling, affection and religious sentiment. A mind of large sympathies involuntarily yields to the law of love, and will infuse into other minds corresponding feelings and sentiments. Sympathy and affection create the deepest, highest and holiest desires in the mind to know more of the Author of its being. It is also a power of vital importance in spiritual intercourse; for it attracts the spirits of a higher existence on a corresponding plane of intellectual development with your own mind; and the messages they give are such as you can comprehend and appreciate. It is an element of the Great Positive Mind, and is boundless, unrestrained and incomprehensible.

Yours, truly,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

For the Age of Progress.

How Much does Man owe to God?

This is an important question. But, alas! mankind have been misled and misguided by those who have claimed wisdom in matters of Theology. False theories have been presented to the world; men of talents have been found to vindicate them, and men of eloquence to enforce them. We call them false because they clash in opinions, one with the other, each seeking to win mankind to its particular standard; each avowing the other to be false; and arrayed one against the other, with feelings and sentiments that are not blended in the character of God, and adorned by the spirit and teachings of Christ. It is not to be wondered at, then, when we take into consideration these mighty influences, brought to bear in the world, by those who have the form of Godliness, but deny the power that idolatry should abound and skepticism prevail. We would not desire to sit in judgment against any.

As to individuals, how far they have fulfilled their obligation to God in the past, is a matter which they alone must decide. But, taking a view of mankind in general, we think, from observation, that they have

fallen far short of fulfilling their obligations to him, which they have secretly vowed were due. We can point out no other way for man whereby he can understand his obligation to God, than that which truth reveals and makes clear to the perception and understanding.—We have no particular creed which we would have men adopt as a faith. Nor could we point to any society or class of men, as patterns of righteousness, with whom man should identify himself as a religious being. We would say unto thee, Oh man! in order that thou mightest not be biased in thy mind, to be calm and reflect. For a moment retire from thy busy hum of life, and enter into the closet of thy heart; and when thou hast shut to the door, thou wilt there find the messenger of light who would seek to bring thee to a consciousness of thy position; and by the illumination of its rays, seek to guide thee to a nobler and better life.

Man owes nothing to society as a religious being. Man owes nothing to his country as a religious being. Man owes nothing to man as a religious being. He is not bound to please any in the respect of choice in his religion. Customs must be observed and creeds must be maintained. These are the common excuses rendered for men's unwillingness to investigate anything beyond the teachings of their forefathers. The pretended christian church has ever, in its worship, sought to please man rather than God, by its forms and useless ceremonies.—Pretending that God should be worshipped in spirit and in truth, they scruple not in hiring those to engage in the devotional exercises of singing, who do not even claim to be actuated by a spirit of reverence for the God they pretend to adore. If this be worship in its true sense, then we are mistaken in our ideas of what constitutes man's obligations to God, as a religious being. Oh! man, seek to pay thy debt of obligation to the true and living God, who is ever near thee, speaking in a still, small voice, uttering language which thou canst not misunderstand. Spiritualism has done more for us than all other isms combined, in teaching us to understand ourselves, and enforcing upon us the obligation to deal justly with all. It has called into exercise our reason and all the minor attributes of our being. It brings to us a concise and true way to worship God, which accords with common sense. It opens to us a door of belief in the immortality of the soul, founded on facts clearly demonstrated. If spiritualism be infidelity, we are an infidel in the full sense of that term, and hope ever to be governed by the purity of its teachings and guided by its counsels of Love. And when our mission in the present sphere is fulfilled, we hope to have progressed in knowledge, love and goodness, so as to enter into a sphere where harmony prevails and love abounds. We hope, while we live, to be untrammelled in our thoughts, unfettered in our opinions, and to hold communion with God in our own way. We hope to be favored with often communing with our friends in the spirit world. We are happy when we are engaged in these exercises. We hope ever to exercise charity towards the blind, superstitious and wilfully ignorant, for we once sat in the region and shadow of darkness, blind to the truths which spiritualism revealed; and we feel to pity rather than condemn. We hope that the aspirations of our heart will ever rise in thankfulness to God, that the mist from our eyes has been removed. Be willing to investigate; be willing to learn; seek to know the truth; pronounce no book false without perusing; exercise reason in all things, and be fully persuaded in your own mind upon all subjects and all things.

A. C. R.

S. B. Brittan's answer to Mahan.

CHAPTER V.

ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGICAL INQUIRIES AND DISCOVERIES.

That the reader may form a just estimate of President Mahan's assumptions respecting the alleged existence and transcendent powers of a newly-discovered imponderable agent, to which he ascribes the amazing phenomena of our time, we will briefly refer to the curious researches and important discoveries of several modern philosophers. Among the various departments of scientific inquiry, that which comprehends the laws of vital motion, sensation, and thought, is, perhaps, of paramount import-

ance, inasmuch as it most intimately concerns the nature and preservation of human health and life. Critical observation and profound thought are indispensable to success in this department, and it must be confessed that few persons in this country have attempted the investigation in a scientific spirit. The subject has, however, engaged some of the noblest minds in Europe, but its greatest problems still remain unsolved.

In the latter part of the last century, Galvani, a distinguished anatomist and physiologist of the Bologna school, and the celebrated Italian philosopher Volta, made numerous experiments with a view to illustrate the influence of galvanic electricity on the nerves and certain muscles of certain animals. The former discovered this agent, and the latter invented instruments for generating it, and directing it to scientific and other practical purposes. On this account the agent itself has been generally known as galvanism, and the instruments as *Voltaic apparatus*. It was especially in the autumn of 1786, that Galvani's experiments in producing muscular contractions by electrical currents, began to assume a profound significance. In 1791 he published his celebrated Commentary, which produced an intense commotion among physicians, physiologists, and philosophers throughout all Europe, and led to much speculation respecting the origin of nervous diseases, and the nature of the vital principle. But as metallic rods and other instruments had been employed in Galvani's experiments, Volta contended that the phenomena did not result from the presence of animal electricity, but that the muscular contractions were caused by a heterogeneous combination of metallic substances. To meet this objection, Galvani pursued his experiments until he obtained the same results without the intervention of metals, and thus demonstrated, apparently at least, the existence of animal electricity and its probable agency in all vital phenomena.

A bitter controversy ensued; Volta seemed likely to subvert the claims of his rival, when Humboldt published his work, entitled "Experiments on Stimulated Nervous and Muscular Fibers," etc., in which he favored the position of Galvani. At length, near the close of 1799, the Italian philosopher made the discovery of the *Voltaic battery*, which secured for his opinions a rapid triumph. Nothing further appeared in support of Galvani's theory of animal electricity, save an essay by his nephew Aldini, wherein the author recorded the results of many useless experiments, and attempted to appropriate to himself the honor of his uncle's discoveries. Aldini's work was published in French, 1804, after which no particular attention was paid to the subject for nearly a quarter of a century. In 1827, Nobili made a grand improvement in the galvanometer, and demonstrated more clearly than his predecessors had done, the existence of the electro-magnetic current in the frog. Matteucci experimented on the frog and the torpedo, and soon attracted more general attention to these phenomena. His observations furnished a starting point for Emil du Bois-Reymond, of the Berlin Academy, who constructed still more perfect apparatus which enabled him to discover not only the muscular current in the inferior animals, but in the living Man. The variation of the current by volition, in the act of muscular contraction, was also clearly demonstrated by the experiments of du Bois-Reymond, who described his *modus operandi* and the specific results, in a letter to Baron Humboldt, and in a paper communicated to the French Academy. These results have been further corroborated by the experiments and observations of Alfred Smee of London and others, and they plainly show that an electro-motive power pervades the nerves and muscles of all animal bodies. This agent is continually disengaged or evolved in the subtle process of vital chemism, and we have valid reasons for the opinion that it is the chief agent in all muscular motion and sensation.

Observations and Experiments in Animal Magnetism.

Phenomena of a very different kind, yet manifestly depending more or less on the distribution and modified action of the same vital motive power—in other words, on the electro-magnetic conditions of the several organs—attracted the attention of other minds, and led to curious and important discoveries. As early as 1774, F. Antoine Mesmer, a member of the Medical Faculty of Vienna, succeeded not only in reducing the novel processes and mysterious results of Animal Magnetism to something like a scientific formula, but in his own extensive practice he found numerous opportunities to test its value as an auxiliary of medicine. The success of Mesmer, and the singular power of this new remedial agent excited, among the Faculty of Paris, a spirit of jealousy and resentment, which was soon manifested through the Royal Medical Academy. An arbitrary decree was issued, declaring the use of Animal Magnetism un-

professional and injurious, and making expulsion from that institution the penalty for advocating its claims. In 1784 the committee appointed by the French Academy to examine the subject, having failed to see, feel, taste, smell, measure or weigh the subtle, miracle-working fluid which Mesmer had supposed to exist, reported that there was no such thing as Animal Magnetism. But the facts continued to occur, and to command attention in different parts of Europe. Cuvier, Laplace, Humboldt, Coleridge, Dugald Stewart and many other distinguished names, became identified with the new science. In 1831 its claims to a place among the accredited sciences were duly acknowledged in the report of the scientific commission appointed, if we mistake not, in 1825. Skepticism reluctantly gave up the ghost. The invisible pain-destroying agent was admitted into the hospitals of Paris and London, and a Professorship of Animal Magnetism was established in the Medical College of Berlin.

Several noted experimenters and authors appeared in different parts of Europe, and the phenomena of the magnetic state were widely and critically observed. Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, pursued the subject experimentally with great earnestness, and finally published his work, entitled "Facts in Mesmerism," about the beginning of 1840. During his investigations he had an opportunity to witness the effects of the magnetic process on many persons in England, also at Rome, Naples, and elsewhere; and among his subjects were Signor Ranieri the historian; Professor Agassiz, and other eminent persons. But there were others in this field who are not to be forgotten. For nearly forty years M. Deleuze, a French practitioner and a most conscientious man, was engaged in the experimental illustration of the powers and uses of Animal Magnetism. Deleuze confined his experiments, with rare exceptions, to invalids, and the results of his protracted experience have been given to the public. Several other authors have likewise placed us under obligations for important contributions to the sum of scientific and popular information on this interesting subject. Georget, in a treatise entitled "*Physiologie du Systeme Nerveux*," mentions the result of certain experiments in this species of magnetism, by which he seemed to impart some new properties to water. When highly sensitive persons tasted the water, they could readily distinguish it from that which had not been subjected to the process. M. Foissac manipulated liquids in a similar manner, and Paul Villagrard, a somnambulist, would at once detect the presence of the magnetic influence by the sense of taste. M. Bertrand and others effected cures by the use of magnetized water, and M. Mialle, who at one time could find no repose on account of some painful indisposition, assures us that a piece of magnetized glass, which he placed on his chest—on retiring for the night—had the effect to greatly modify his symptoms, and to induce the presence of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep:"

Among the practical operators in Animal Magnetism and the earnest defenders of its claims, the Baron Dupotet, Dr. Elliotson and Dr. Ashburner have long been distinguished. But no man has made a more beneficent use of this agent than Dr. James Esdaile, who was employed in a professional capacity by the British East India Company. His unrivalled success among the people of Bengal, is doubtless, in a great measure, to be ascribed to his own personal energy, superior skill in his profession, and to the benevolent impulses and aspirations of his heart. Dr. Esdaile found the natives of that country extremely susceptible to this magnetic influence, and in his efforts to meliorate their condition he permitted no occasion to pass unimproved. In the brief period of eight months, no less than seventy-three surgical operations were performed on persons in the magnetic trance. Notwithstanding many of these operations were extremely difficult, and such as are usually attended with intense pain, Dr. Esdaile's patients were all the while in an unconscious state, and of course incapable of suffering. Indeed, so effectually were his subjects bound, that not a nerve quivered under the knife, nor was a single muscle convulsed by the burning iron in the process of actual cautery. The coma in some cases continued for hours after the operation was completed, and when the patient awoke he was generally free from pain and oblivious of what had transpired.

Clear sight as developed by Magnetic conditions.

Persons in a magnetic state frequently become clairvoyant, so that their vision is not limited by darkness, distance, nor the density of material forms and substances. In the course of my own investigation of the subject, many striking illustrations of this singular faculty have occurred.—Indeed the writer has long been familiar with the diversified physical

and mental phenomena which usually accompany the magnetic states of the human system, and might draw from the records of personal experience and observation—during a somewhat protracted course of experiment—many of the most remarkable facts in Animal Magnetism and Clairvoyance. Those in whom this inward and more spiritual sight is thus developed—(numerous cases admit of our testing the reality of the phenomenon)—often profess to discern Spirits, and to converse with the inhabitants of the invisible world. Cahagnet in his "Secrets of the Life to Come," has embodied the results of his inquiries respecting the condition of human beings in the immortal state. He employed "Eight Ecstatic Somnambulists," through whose instrumentality, if the media may be trusted, he had interviews with no less than thirty-six deceased persons. In this country similar phenomena now daily occur, and the present writer has witnessed many facts quite as extraordinary as those described by Cahagnet. In this country clear-seeing somnambulists are becoming quite numerous. With occasional exceptions they profess to hold free and direct intercourse with the Spirit World, and it is certain that they often communicate the names, describe personal appearances, and otherwise exhibit the distinctive peculiarities, of departed human beings whom they had never known on earth. We have listened to some thrilling narratives embracing particular circumstances and incidents in the lives of individuals, and witnessed illustrations of descriptive portraiture through media who had no knowledge of the persons they described, which were alike remarkable for vigorous delineation and strict fidelity to the attributes and events of personal character and history.

Baron Von Reichenbach's Discoveries.

The phenomena observed by Mesmer have been clearly verified and illustrated by his successors in both hemispheres; and though the speculations of the former concerning the existence of an universal fluid, were regarded as improbable and visionary, they led the way to important scientific discoveries. Baron Von Reichenbach has comprehended in the account of "*Physico-Physiological Researches*," etc., an immense number of curious and significant facts, illustrative of our relations to the material forms and subtle agents of the outer world, and at the same time deeply suggestive of what lies beyond the sphere of sensuous observation. The relations of electricity, magnetism, and light, to the phenomena of vital motion and sensation, are no where else more fully illustrated than the learned Baron's experiments. The peculiar force known to reside in magnets and crystals was brought to bear on the different organs of somnambules and other highly impressible persons. It was observed that the most sensitive subjects could distinctly feel the influence of a crystal, a magnet, or a man at a distance, or through a solid wall; thus demonstrating the presence of some subtle medium by which the living organization is, independently of intervening objects, connected with similar forms, and doubtless all forms in the natural world. Some of his subjects could perceive the influence of the heavenly bodies on the brain and other organs, and distinguish between the action of the several planets and their satellites (including the moon) and that of the sun and the different constellations.

Particular observations were also made with respect to another class of facts. Allusion is made to the luminous emanations from human bodies, from magnets, crystals, and various other objects, animate and inanimate, which were rendered visible or otherwise apparent to the senses of impressible subjects. The magnetic or (to use the author's own term) the *Odic* lights, were distinctly perceived whenever the experiments were conducted in dark rooms; and the observations of the sensitives are minutely recorded in the Baron's most interesting and instructive book. We can not here even trace the author's general method in his experiments, much less can we pause to cite particular examples. A very summary statement must serve the writer's purpose on the present occasion. Von Reichenbach, in the course of his experiments, ascertained the magneto-physiological effects produced on his subjects by not less than six hundred different forms and combinations of matter. More than sixty persons, of all ranks and conditions, of various degrees of susceptibility were employed during the course of experiment, and the investigation was conducted throughout in a cautious and scientific manner.

In this rapid general survey of a great subject, the writer has briefly sketched the history of the researches and discoveries in Animal Electricity, Animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, etc., concluding with a succinct statement of the Baron Von Reichenbach's experiments. In what do these discoveries consist? We answer briefly:

1. The investigators in Animal Electricity have demonstrated that this agent is disengaged in all the chemical changes which occur in the living body; that men and animals have a sort of voltaic mechanism, and exhibit an organic adaptation to electrical laws; that electric currents accompany muscular contractions, and hence, that all vital motion and sensation (probably) depend on the presence and action of electrical forces.

2. In the department of Animal Magnetism, it has been observed, that, a skillful operator may control, in other persons, the agent on which muscular motion, sensation, and even thought, are made to depend. All this is absolutely demonstrated by the facts. The subject may be so profoundly entranced as to remain for hours, and even whole days, in a deathlike coma. All the avenues leading from the soul to the great Macrocosm may be sealed up, and so effectually guarded that no impression can be transmitted from the external world to the internal Spirit. The strongest light will not contract the pupil of the eye; nor will the loudest thunder and the heaviest artillery make any impression on the auditory nerve.—The other organs of sense and the nerves of motion are equally useless during this temporary paralysis. The unconscious sleeper does not fear the elements, and his flesh will neither crawl from knives nor escharotics.

3. In other magnetic conditions of the system, sensation is intensified to a remarkable degree. There is an exquisite susceptibility to impressions from invisible and higher sources. The subject may awake on the spiritual plane of his being. When this occurs, the most sublimated forms of matter, the minutest objects, and those most remote—all of which are invisible to ordinary observers, are rendered essentially present and tangible. The forms of things become transparent, while their essences are even more conspicuous than common earth. To such persons the very Heavens are opened, and the Angels stand unveiled in their presence.

These are the natural and scientific approaches to the spiritual citadel which several authors, including President Mahan, have of late so rudely assaulted. The application of the foregoing discoveries and observations, to the present issue, will engage our attention in the succeeding chapter.

For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO:—Another bouquet, redolent with the aroma of Heaven, and sparkling with the dew-drops of Beauty, have been gathered from the ever-blooming garden of the Spirit Home, and presented to me, by the same angel hand, which has so often brought me fragrant flowers, from celestial climes.

The spirit-lecture which I have now the pleasure of handing you, for insertion in your columns, is, in my opinion, unsurpassed by any thing of the kind which it has ever been my good fortune to read.

Would that the pulpits of orthodoxy could give voice to such heavenly teachings as are here uttered, instead of resounding, as they do, with denunciations of God's wrath, and eternal vengeance, against his ignorant, misdirected, suffering children.

Very truly yours,

J. J. F.

Lecture.

The Angels of God, and Mind, and Nature.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

Each being, like a barque coasting around its own individual island-realm; has an angel-pilot, to direct its homeward-bound course. God is the compass which directs man to the haven of Immortality; while Truth, the guiding-star of the soul's destiny, gleams brightly from the azure heavens of eternity. As the flower unfolds its ten thousand leaves, from the central bud, so does the human heart, sensitive to the piercing winds, originating from mental elements, develop from the germ of infinite being, the fragrant leaves of Wisdom and Truth.

I saw a seraph from the land of Love, descend to the earth, robed in the electric beauty of the skies, and garmented with the aromal glories of Heaven, bearing 'neath its folded robes, a volume, on whose pages were inscribed, with divine sense, the laws of mind, and finite happiness. The angel smiled, as it walked on the waves of the atmospheric ocean; for it thought that man would peruse the gilded leaves of wisdom, which were stamped in types eternal, by the hand of the Almighty, upon this mighty and sacred volume. The angel sought the

loved and discordant; while Hope, in golden beauty, dwelt in that angel-heart. As the angel opened the book, man began to read the title page, which was himself; and, judging from this page, of the entire volume, he began to censure the angel, and mentally turned away, saying: "If this be of Heaven, I ask not thy boon." The angel turned away, while silver dewdrops fell from its celestial brow, upon the heart of man, and in its hand, bore a scroll, on which were inscribed the words: "*I am the Angel of Truth.*"

Nature opened its grand department of Science, and a living form, arrayed in the supernal attributes of the Elysian land, stepped forth upon the fields of the natural world; and upon its head was a chaplet of flowers; and from each flower radiated an interior sun; while its whole being sent forth brilliant sparks, which, in their flight, fell upon the human soul. Man gazed upon this angel with awe and admiration; while he started back, exclaiming within himself, "*This reveals Eternity! I live again!*" An expression of joy inexpressible, played in quiet emotion, on that infinite countenance; while it opened its interior life to man, who, with unutterable and undefinable thoughts, said:—"And have I existed in the finite universe, while its sands dropped, one by one, from the hour-glass of Time, and have never seen God, the giver of all life and beauty, mirrored in the stars, which course their sublime way through the ethereal heavens, in the flowers, and his majesty, in the uttering forth and comminglings of the elements of the outer world! and have I never before seen Deity in man!" These thoughts overwhelmed the mind; and the infinite consciousness produced the evidence that man himself was only an introduction to the great volume of truth; yet a living and eternal entity. The seraph raised its robe, and on its snow-white bosom, were engraven the words, "*I am the Angel of Wisdom.*"

A golden cloud floated in the external skies, shining brilliantly; and it parted; and, within, was an angel, bearing in its hands a harp. The angel-voice began to chant the Lyric of the Golden Land. When Humanity heard its quiet, soft strains of melody, and gazed upward, to see from whence such unearthly music proceeded, the gentle breeze moved the angel-robe, in fairy-like grace; and as Humanity listened, it gently touched the chords of the harp, and an ocean of melody rolled forth, in unspeakable beauty, from that angel-soul. It began to sing the true Epic of Creation; and the human heart stopped, breathless, in its amazement, while it said: "Can this fair being, be an archangel of eternity, who hath loved as mortals love, then passed on before, to wait the immortal coming of its yet finite friends? Or are my throbbings only quickened by a false dream? Again, the angel swept those chords, and the atmosphere echoed and re-echoed its mild vibrations, while its music-notes were the changing elements of nature; while the human heart is an octave-bar, in the spiral scale of celestial music.—The human heart throbbed on more quietly; when the angel touched, again, those quivering strings, whose supernal cadence reached the human soul; while, with the pencil of Immortality, it traced the words: "*This is the Angel of Harmony.*"

A flower bloomed beautifully in the Floral Universe of the skies.—It oped its petals, and another angel, with pinions of light, flew to earth; and the effulgence streamed through the human soul, as sunshine through the flower; while immortal wisdom blended with its radiant glories. The angel moved over the waves of Affection, directing the lost mariner, who is drifting around the cold zone of Unkindness, to the brilliant shores of Infinity. It went around, binding up broken heart-strings; while it brought from heaven the Amethystine beauties which exist upon the margin of the infinite world. This angel smiled with hope, as the human heart returned its gratitude, for the consolation borne down by angels from heaven. This fair creature of the skies, chased away the tears, while Affection made diamonds of the pearly drop. It checked the uprising sigh, and on wings of brightness, flew away to the spirit-land; bearing in its hand a bunch of flowers, gathered from the garden of the human heart. Again it returned, laden with floral wealth of its own primal home; while, on its angelic

face, beamed forth an inner smile, which said in unspoken beauty, "*I am the Angel of Love.*"

As the thunder rolled in a deep-toned voice, through the elemental world—as the lightnings darted with electric force, through Nature's interior bosom—and as the ocean rolled on, in its divine majesty, playing its part in the uniformity of Nature's stupendous laws: an angel walked its waves. Its vision penetrated the solar sky, revealing, in every planetary motion, a wisdom undefinable to man. Its voice echoed with grandeur, through every avenue of Nature; while, from matter it evolved living worlds. Its power thrilled the atmosphere with the elements of finite existence; while its sweetness was felt in the dropping of the rain, in the descent of the dew, and in every living principle, embodied in a finite form. It revealed the image of God, in mind and its subordinates. It opened the bright labyrinths leading to the spirit-land; while it buried Error in the deep vistas of the past.—The lightning's vivid flash, through this sublime being, expressed in divine fulness, the power of the great Omnipotent Principle of Motion, pre-existent in all matter; while it proved the ten thousand electric elements which throng the visible world. This angel soared away into the sidereal heavens; and discovered, for mind, unknown worlds, which were swimming in the ocean of Immensity. It entered the sanctuary of the dead, and raised the living in its strength and beauty. It proved that the cold marble was but a mockery; for the soul is basking in the sunshine of an eternal God. Then, on rosy pinions, the angel entered the human heart; while the stars, flowers, birds, and even minerals joined in one grand anthemnal song, whose Epic is *Truth*, and whose Lyric is *Love*; while each chorus responded, "*This is the Angel of Science.*"

And still, Deity gave birth to another angel. The tendency of its nature, and the spontaneousness of its impulses, characterize it with the poor and suffering, the abandoned, the disconsolate, and the erring.—Its glorious mission is in acts of benevolence. The seal of Divinity is on its brow; and while it walks in the holy avenues of Wisdom, it unfolds, like heavenly flowers, in the garden of the soul. It teaches the soul to feel its own individuality, and its relation and attractions to God. It does not confer kindness upon the few, but upon the many. It labors in the deepest sinks of Sin, in the dark chambers of Corruption; and it enters the most gorgeous palace; nor doth it fear contamination; but, conscious of its own innate purity and holiness, fears no blemish, though it may enter scenes of crime and misery. A tear-drop now and then, steals down its angel-face. It is not the tear of Sorrow, but of Sympathy, which came from the heaven of the soul, to lighten a depressed soul. And whether beating in cold magnificence, or in the prison's darkest cell and misdirected heart, its influence warms and illuminates each darkened sphere alike. It watches, from the soul's sanctuary, and discourses in deeds, but not in words. It breathes benevolence and reformation, into the midst of pollution and crime; while it ever remains a miniature embodiment and true representation of heaven; and Humanity responds in tones of joy, "*It is the Angel of Charity.*"

Gently, on the spiral waves of Love, doth another angel descend in golden glory, to earth. Its mission is to enter the lowest scenes of misery, and bring forth the image of God in mind, to the light of Truth. It seeks the pauper, whose tattered garments dance like bubbles on the ocean, at the will of unrelenting winter; or thro' which the shrill wind whistles fearfully, as if revealing on the open page of barren Nature, the poor man's destiny. This child-like spirit, takes the unfortunate by the hand, and shows them the new world, where there is no death, but where the soul shall bloom in heaven's eternal year, and shine, while it can never weary. It reveals a world all fragrance, and bloom; where, beneath immortal shades, the soul may breathe angel harmonies, and, looking up, yet forever beholding nobler attractions. This angel exists in the human mind; it hath there an angel-form, revealing the natural, human and divine. It doth not come in costly state, but in humble form. Like the lowly Nazarene, it fears

not to seek the wronged and oppressed; while it lifts its voice in the song of mental and moral freedom. Every morning, in the heart's brightest hopes, this angel dwells, delicate, sweet, yet a living child of God; and while it sings in leafy trees, and in the finite heart, it leaps with the thunder from cloud to cloud; and as the light kindles from out morning's sun, and in living radiance plays around the human soul, it gently breathes, "*I am the Angel of Sympathy.*"

Heaven opened, and gave spirit birth to a beautiful angel, who descended to earth, in songs of gladness, clothed with immortality, revealing the harmony, through bright, eternal years; while it folded its white arms around the human soul; and in the boundlessness of its own deep love, whispered words of hope to the weary of earth. Like stars, expanding forth in beauty and power, its affections out-rolled upon the lap of human life; while, from yon immortal train, music sweet, in liquid waves, flowed sweetly into the finite mind. A softened splendor seemed to beam in halos round this angel-form; while its bride of the skies—Love—joined it in its higher unfoldments of the human mind. Man gazed upon the twin-angels, with rapture. He pressed every word to his heart, and sought every living breath of the angel-souls; as if they were pearls, gathered from some finite ocean. Fair as the crescent moon, out-sailing, silently, from the sunset heavens, doth this angel move around earth's sphered continent, and moves in natural time, round a center-heaven; while its essential life exhales to God. It strives to make an earthly heaven realized; while its every vein is interfused with thoughts from God. It some times finds access to the human soul; but jarring discord drives it away, and it seeks a sunnier home, where the warbling of the bird, the muttering of the stream, the rustling of the leaf, and the unfolding of the flower, proclaim its celestial beauty; and their every changing process of development, is stamped on every leaf, drop, and element; while they exclaim, "*This is the Angel of Kindness.*"

Other angels came to earth and folded their arms around the human heart, and pillowed the brow of care upon their bosoms; feeling and proving that immortality was everywhere implanted by God. These angels, with energies of affection, expand their thoughts in the sublime silence of Omnipotency; while the great variety of motions which nature unfolds to the human understanding, render mind capable of penetrating its darkest recesses, and of overcoming everything in the moral, mental and physical world, which would retard the progression of the soul. They come to breathe of Heaven eternal, and, inspired with heavenly charity, which no outward language can express, reveal what the heart most feels—*Immortality*. They are the reflex image of divine abodes; and are Heaven's highest harmonious souls, who move through the earthly ball, like an immortal heart, thrilling with life, love, and hope. They kiss the pallid lips of agony, and smooth the wrinkles on the furrowed brow of care. They steal noiselessly into the bosom's secret cells, unfold its sleeping affections, and prove to mind that Humanity is re-united with Heaven. Their angel footsteps fall in sweetness, at the old familiar hearth-stone, while the dearly loved of long ago, robed in beauty, live in Eternity; and as the power outborn of Love, emanated from those angel-souls, Humanity gazed wonderingly, and joyously exclaimed, "*They are the Angels of our departed friends.*"

Yours,

M. F.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

Members of the Press at Davenport's.

In addition to the article on the Davenport manifestations, from Judge Smith, published on our first page, and that of Dr. Gardner, which we also insert in our present issue, we are induced to lay before our readers the following, which we find in the New York *Sunday Dispatch* of last Sunday. It will be perceived that this testimony, which is given by persons not professedly Spiritualists, is of a nature only to add force to the hypothesis of the spiritual origin of the phenomena developed thro' the Davenport mediums, and that some interesting facts are here stated which differ from any previously given.

The "Spirits" on their Muscle.

From two to six o'clock last Sunday afternoon we were at the rooms of the Davenport Family, at 195 Bowery, in company with sixteen other members of the press. None others were admitted, and we were all present, by special invitation extended to the press, to test the so-called "Spiritual Manifestations," which we did, to the best of our ability. We propose here to briefly state what was done by the "invisible powers," and by ourselves. * * *

A common extension table, which we all examined, was drawn out, and nine of us, besides the mediums, were seated round it. A small opening was made at the window, by drawing aside the curtain, which gave us a dim twilight, so that we could distinctly see each other, and detect the slightest motion of any one of our number. A guitar, a banjo, a tamborine, a bell, a violin and a trumpet were placed under the table, against which we all sat so as to touch the chest. We all took hold of hands, resting them on the table, drew our feet under our chairs, as did the mediums, and then touched our knees together all round, so that we could detect any motion of our neighbor's legs on either side. It will be seen there were four of our number thus in contact with the two boy mediums, at the hands and at the knees. One end of the table was left vacant—that is, no one sat at it. We were cautioned to keep silence, when all the rest retired from the room, at the usual entrance. And, we add, that all of us, previous to sitting down, carefully examined the room—saw that the doors were bolted, the windows secure, and that there were no traps or trappings nor any one concealed in it.

Soon a slight vibration of the guitar or banjo was heard; then a kind of rattling, and a sound resembling the drawing of something along the floor by a rat. These gradually grew louder and more frequent, till the bell began to ring, and nearly or quite all the instruments seemed to be in motion. We distinctly heard the keys snap, and the strings vibrate as if some one were turning them up. The tamborine was shook and beaten, the trumpet danced, and the instruments thumped against the table and the knees of the company. Then the guitar was repeatedly poked out from under the vacant end of the table, so that half of the body was distinctly visible to all. This was done repeatedly; and the gentleman sitting nearest to it, took hold of it, when it was drawn back with a force which he said made it difficult for him to retain his hold.—The necks of the stringed instruments were poked up in sight between the different members of the company, and we personally, as well as others, put our hand under the table and had different instruments placed in it. Raps of a peculiar sound were heard on the table, at various points and at various times; and by means of these and the alphabet, many questions asked by the company and the mediums were answered. After thus satisfying ourselves that none of these things were performed by the physical power of the mediums, nor of any of the company, we broke up the circle and prepared for a dark sitting. We examined the carpet under the table, but could discover no cut in it, nor any indication of a trap door. There was no machinery, nor any indication of machinery, about the table.

For the dark circle, all the leaves of the table but one, which was left in the center, were taken out. It was then closed up, shoved into the center of the room, and the two boys seated at it, facing each other. We had our choice, to lock Mr. Davenport and Mr. Coles out of the room, leaving us alone with the boys, or to keep them in, and place a guard over them. Preferring to know where they were, we kept them in the room, and took turns, two by two, in holding them when the light was extinguished, often making them speak, so that all might know they were safe in their allotted places.

Before the light was extinguished, the strings were observed to be pulled out of one of two guitars lying on the table. Having taken a fair survey of everything, we all took our seats back against the wall, some on each side of the room, and took hold of hands, so that no one could get up and play tricks without the concurrence of those sitting on his right and left. We did this, not because we doubted the honesty of any of our own number, but to make ourselves positively sure, as far as possible. The light was then turned off. Soon the instruments were sounded, the bell rang, etc. We also heard what we all conceived to be the stringing up and tuning of the guitar. A light was called for, by means of the alphabet; and on examination, we found that, amid the "blackness of darkness" which filled the room, the guitar had absolutely been strung up, within the space of not over one or two minutes—a

thing which any one will find difficult to perform, if he will make the experiment.

It was then proposed that two of our number sit at the table and hold the boys. This was agreed to, and two sat facing each other, on either side of the boys, each holding a hand of each boy, and each placing a foot on one of the feet of each of the boys. The instruments were piled up in the center of the table to suit our own taste, when we again took our seats as before, and the lights were extinguished. The manifestations were the same, though less powerful. Those holding the boys said they were repeatedly touched by the instruments, some of which were struck; everything was found in the state of confusion indicated by the previous noise. Our friends, who held the boys, repelled with indignation the charge of collusion!

After all had had a turn at the table, the question was raised—"Are we all humbugs, or are we all psychologized?" The question was undecided; but no one was found to argue the affirmative of either horn.—One, however, was not quite satisfied; and the "presiding spirit," who gives his name as John King, spoke through the trumpet, and wanted any one who was not satisfied to say "aye." The "aye" was repeated, and the invisible John said if all would leave the room, and let the gentleman sit alone with the boys, he would convince him. The room was cleared, a sentinel (the gentleman's father) sat at the door; we personally piled the instruments on the opposite side of the table from the gentleman, so that the boys could not reach them without his knowing it, then turned off the gas, and retired to the entry. Then we called the names of Davenport and Coles, and both responded. Meanwhile, the performance was heard going on inside. Pretty soon there was a terrible racket, and a cry for light. The door was opened and a light struck, when the gentleman was discovered crawling out from under the table. He was convinced! He said the instruments were all piled up against him, and then the table pushed against him, upsetting him, he dragging the boys after him.

This was the close of the performance. But before this, and after holding the boys all round, we tried the experiment of tying them. Two or three clothes lines were produced, which were wound round the boys' bodies, arms and legs, round the table legs and through the chair, knots being tied at almost every turn, till all—boys, chairs and table—were considered securely fastened together. Then the boys' hands were tied together with handkerchiefs. Davenport and Coles were secured as before, we all took our seats, hanging on to each other's hands, and the light was turned off. Instantly the manifestations commenced more animatedly than ever. The tamborine was beaten vigorously, the bell clattered, and the stringed instruments, which appeared to fly round the room, twanged. It was a perfect confusion of very discordant sounds, to say the least.

At this point the alphabet was called for, when was spelled out, "own up." The man owned up. What was done? The invisible John said, through the trumpet, in his peculiar voice, "I rapped him." That was acknowledged true, and all had a hearty laugh. A light was struck, and it was proposed that the invisible powers untie the handkerchiefs on the boys' hands—which, on inspection, had been found satisfactory—and return the same to their owners. The light was turned off, when instantly the boys sang out they were free, and the owners said they had received their handkerchiefs; which, on striking a light, were found tied in knots, evidently to enable them to be thrown, as they were.

It was then proposed that the invisible John untie the cords. This was done in short order, after the light was extinguished; the cords fairly whistling, they were drawn through the chairs with such velocity, the boys all the while cautioning the "Spirits" to be careful, as they hurt them with the ends of the cords. In about a minute, the boys were free. It was generally conceded that it would have taken ten or fifteen minutes for a man to untie either of the boys by daylight, they were so wound up, and the cords were so knotted.

In conclusion, a paper—containing a general statement of the foregoing facts, and avowing that no one was in any way detected as being the agent of the manifestations, in the ordinary sense of the term—was signed by a majority of the company, a portion having left before it was drawn up. They said they could not wait, but would sign such a paper as proposed at any future time.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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FROM OUR OLD ELBOW-CHAIR.

TEXT.—“Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink.”

It was Daniel, the prophet, who asked this favor for himself and three other Jewish captives, whom Nebuchadnezzar had carried away from Jerusalem. It seems this great king of Babylon had ordered the master of the eunuchs to bring a number of youths, the most perfect in form and comeliness, as well as the most intelligent, to be fed, tutored and trained to become members of his household. Daniel and his three friends, Hananiah, Mishad and Azariah, were among those whom the eunuch selected. The king appointed them their daily fare, which was of the most sumptuous kind, with full flagons of wine, such as graced his own table. Daniel was determined not to pollute himself with any of those rich poisons of youthful blood which the royal bounty had thus provided; and he expostulated with the eunuch who had charge of them, and asked the privilege of such simple fare as he knew would insure to him health of body and strength of mind.

The eunuch was afraid to disobey the king's orders, and asked the young Hebrew why he should wish to appear so much more thin, pale and meagre than the other children who were fed as the king directed, as he certainly would if he consented to his living on the simple diet which he chose; “then,” continued the eunuch, “shall ye make me endanger my head to the king.” It was in reply to this language of the eunuch that Daniel made the request in the text; and the eunuch consented to the ten days' experiment. At the end of the ten days, the eunuch found that Daniel and his three friends were fair, fat and vigorous; the pure blood of health glowing in their cheeks, and intellectual sprightliness beaming in their eyes. They exceeded all others in the acquisition of knowledge, as well as in physical activity; and the eunuch readily consented that pulse and water should be continually substituted for the sumptuous fare provided by the king's orders, during their whole pupilage.

The result of this regimen will be found in the wonderful powers of mind acquired by these four young Hebrews, as recorded in their farther history. Whether these circumstances are to be regarded as literal facts, or whether the history was designed as an allegorical illustration of a truth in the science of physiology, we shall not attempt to determine, as it would be trenching on the province of divines. It is sufficient for us to prove that the philosophy of this real or allegorical Daniel, is no fiction.

It has been customary, of late years, for temperance lecturers to confine themselves to, or dwell principally on, the evil effects of intemperate drinking, which we have to acknowledge is productive of as many and as great evils as could have been packed away in Pandora's box; but we must insist that intemperance in eating is exceeded by its rival, in the production of human miseries, only in the maddening effect of intemperate potations. Weakness of the digestive functions, corruption of the blood, derangement of the nervous system, and sluggishness of intellect, are quite as certainly produced by gastronomic, as by libacious excesses. Both prepare the human system for the ready reception of all prevailing diseases, and make early death certain to the indulging debauchee.

Modern science has proved the truth of Daniel's philosophy in his

choice of regimen. It has been proved that beans and peas possess a far greater amount of aliment than any other vegetable production of our country. And it has been made abundantly manifest, that vegetable food far surpasses animal, in life-sustaining and health preserving qualities. The difference between the quantity of aliment, or life-sustaining principle contained in a pound of pork and a pound of peas, has been represented to be equal to the difference between 36 and 80; and the health-promoting qualities of the pulse aliment, surpasses that of animal food in a much greater degree. To be enabled to judge of the different effects of modes of living, it is only necessary to visit the more sterile regions of our country, where children in rural life, are fed on bread and milk, bean porridge, and pea soup, with pure water to quench thirst, but whose stomachs are never loaded with animal food, and rarely, if ever, poisoned with tea or coffee. Compare their round, plump, rosy cheeks, with those pale and thin visages of children who are reared in the lap of affluence, whose daily diet is beef steaks and poisonous condiments, rich pastries, washed down with the narcotic and pernicious decoctions of the teas of China and the coffees of the whole torrid zone, together with all the abominations that surfeit the stomach and contaminate the blood of infancy and youth. Then the philosophic mind will be enabled to understand why the young eye sparkles with brilliancy, and the young cheek glows with the ruddy hue of health, in those rural localities, whilst the drugs of the physician are constantly presented to the sickly lips of children in all our populous cities and towns, where the requirements of nature are superseded by the poisons of luxury.

Behold the gormandizing cit, loaded with twenty stone of unsound flesh, and hobbling painfully on a pair of crutches, with his gouty foot bundled up with a vampless shoe and sundry swathing cloths, holding it up from the pave and biting his nether lip with agonizing pain. This is one of the bitter fruits of his life of idleness and voluptuousness. His sleepy eyes, his testy humor and his besotted mind, are other fruits of his life of slothfulness and surfeiting. He has foolishly cultivated and indulged a greedy and gluttonous appetite, instead of seeking health where it was to be found, and cultivating those attributes of the soul which would have made it a light to the feet of his contemporaries and the rising generation, and given to his name a conspicuous place in the annals of his country. He is now suffering the just penalty of that immutable and unevadable law of cause and effect, which his life of folly has continually outraged and defied.

Now turn and behold yon worthy protege of Ceres. He is from the flinty hills, where the patron goddess is not wont to repay honest toil with a bountiful hand. But his unremitting industry not only procures a competency of every thing really necessary for the subsistence of himself and family, but, with the aid of temperance, it has so indurated his stalwart frame, and so strengthened every muscle, that he is a Hercules in physical power. See how he strides along, as if nothing could stop him. Hear how he makes the flags resound with his cowskin boots, as he slaps them down at the end of each four foot step. He has seen more years than that mass of half putrid flesh which is moving at the rate of a block per hour; but his hair is raven black, his tread is as elastic as that of the mountain buck, his eye retains its youthful brightness, his countenance indicates the serenity of a sound mind, and his conversation and deportment, though unembellished by the refinements of the schools, evince the purity of a soul uncontaminated by the prevailing vices. Nothing is wanting to such a man but the education which is his due, to enable his voice to resound through the legislative halls of his country, and his mind to lead in the councils of the nation. The pulse and water which Daniel chose, have made him what he is, and long confirmed habits of temperance will keep him so till a century shall have passed over his head.

Now turn we to that object of pity whom we see staggering along the street under a load of that intoxicating and brutalizing drug, which Daniel wisely eschewed. We see that he is deprived of the use of his limbs; and we hear, by his incoherent, obscene and profane raving, that he is deprived of his reason. Does any one say that he is an object of

detestation? Oh! say not so. He was amiable before he fell into the habit of intemperance. He was the pride of a doting mother and the hope of a father who relied too confidently upon the power of his mind to resist temptations, whilst he was approaching manhood. He then had a soul of goodly proportions, for one of his years, whose virtuous propensities seemed to grow with his growth, giving flattering promise of a manhood of honor and usefulness. In an evil hour, circumstances threw him into fatal associations. He was naturally social and companionable, and he was lured into familiarity with the roar of boisterous mirth, which the cup of intoxication elicited from his associates. He did not turn from it, as Daniel did, but embraced it, imbibed its moral poison, and fell. His good genius sometimes prevailed, and the hopes of his fond parents revived. During one of these intervals he became a husband, which circumstance was hailed by his friends as a guaranty that he would permanently abstain from the dangerous habit which he had acquired. Alas! for hopes built upon the resolves of a confirmed inebriate. He refrained but for a short time, when the malady returned upon him with increased power. Thus he went on, alternately sinking into the depths of the drunkard's debasement, and rising to the surface with apparent determination to extricate himself from the demon's grasp. Whilst his family still increased, his efforts to return to manhood became weaker and weaker. Finally, all pride, all shame, and all care for those who depended on him for sustenance and protection, were drowned in the cup of inebriation, and he became the abandoned wretch who staggers and utters his obscene and blasphemous ravings, in the streets of his native city, as we have seen and heard.

This is the fate of thousands and thousands who commence sipping that poison of both body and soul, for the momentary enjoyment of Bacchanalian conviviality. No other habit which rational minds stoop to, becomes so inveterate and irresistible in so short a time. Intemperate drinking is a pit to the bodies and souls of men, from which few who carelessly tumble in, can ever succeed in extricating themselves. It is more to be dreaded than war, pestilence and famine. The voice of midnight revelry is more alluring to youth than the song of the Sirens; more fearful than the fiery bolts of Jove; more terrible than the yell of savage bandits; more fatal than the poison of the asp. Turn from it, young man, it is the voice of the destroying angel. Its breath is pestilence to the soul.

Look into the inebriate's wretched dwelling. She who sits there in poverty's tattered habiliments, striving to hover her little ones who are suffering with cold and hunger, went to the altar, a blooming girl of eighteen, a few short years ago, where she exchanged vows of life-long fidelity and love with him who was then a young man of unblemished character, and the object of her heart's deepest devotion. He was an industrious, sober and well-doing mechanic, and their prospects were highly flattering. He became a warm politician; was frequently called on to speak at political meetings; was boisterously cheered at every witty point he made; compelled to drink at the conclusion; and his passion for party political disputation and declamation, soon grew into a mania. It absorbed his whole thought. He would read nothing but party newspapers and party speeches. He refused to employ journeymen of opposite politics, and was very careless about the custom of those whose party affinity was adverse to his. He no longer spent his evenings with his wife and family, for he must be at the tavern to read the news, discuss the political topics of the day, and take a little occasionally with his party friends.

Later and later he staid; more and more freely he drank; later and later he lay in bed in the morning; and more and more he neglected his business. His best customers dropped off one after another, because their work was never done at the set time. He finally shuts up his shop, sells off his stock and tools, and becomes a candidate for an office. He spends his money freely in the canvass, gets beaten by a small majority, is sorely disappointed, soured in disposition, frets and storms at home, and does nothing but talk politics and drink. His wife weeps bitterly when he comes home intoxicated; he swears he has no peace

at home, and will not stay there. He becomes morose and abusive in his family; quarrelsome among politicians; ever ready to drink with any one, and never ready to do any thing for a living. Every thing they had in the world is gone, even their household furniture is reduced to the smallest amount that can serve their most imperative necessities. Poverty and wretchedness are upon his worthy wife and helpless children. Idleness, worthlessness and drunkenness are upon him. His wife takes in washing to sustain herself and children. He has become base enough to eat a part of what she earns, abuse her when she remonstrates against his course of life, and go from grog shop to grog shop, sawing wood and bringing pails of water for whiskey.

Young man, how would you like to be changed from what you are (you are not a drunkard, or you would not read) to such a being as we have described? Would you not prefer instantaneous death? Many a one as sober as you, has become a sot in one year. Do you think such a calamity could befall you? It cannot if you do as Daniel did. But if you trust to your power to stop drinking when you please, and suffer yourself to play with the serpent, his fangs will soon set the poison to rankling in your blood, and as the habit increases, your power of resistance will decrease, till you are an irreclaimable inebriate. Remember, that among every thousand who fall into the habit of intemperance, there is but one who will extricate himself from it.

Young lady, far better might you unite yourself to a sober ostler or boot-black, than a drunken gentleman. Should you marry a sober man, and he should subsequently become a drunkard, and the fault should in no wise be chargeable to you, every good heart would sympathise with you, and you would find friends when the days of your affliction should arrive. But if you should marry an inebriate, for the sake of his acres, or his store of goods, or his money in bank, you would deserve no commiseration from any one, but would merit every pang of misery which would be sure to wring your heart through life.

May the wisdom of Daniel, the genius of Temperance, the spirit of sober discretion, and the grace of God, shield every son and daughter of humanity from the evil consequences resulting from gluttony, inebriety, and all other sensuous indulgences.

Poetical Contributions.

We have been favored, probably, more than we merit, since we commenced the publication of this journal, with effusions inspired by the *Musæ*. But, for some cause or other, we know not what, they all seem to be on about the same level. They all make out to jingle well enough, at the ends of the lines, though the rhythm frequently limps distressingly on its way thither. Nor can we justly find fault with the sense or sentiment; though frequently it is very difficult to find the one whilst the other is made too conspicuous, by being expressed, as poets are licensed to do, in *liberal* grammar.

We acknowledge ourself to blame for not apprising our poetical friends that we are not satisfied with merely good poetry. We must have one or the other of the extremes. Send us the most sublime, or its extreme opposite; we care not which. As a sample of what we would be pleased with, in the latter extreme, we will, as soon as we can find it, republish the poem on "The Three Thayers." We do very much dislike to withhold from our readers, those favors of our friends; but we really can not find room for them, unless they do fairly reach one of those extremes. Then we would throw out anything else, to give them room.

—"What under the sun can cause that bell to ring to-day?" said one man to another, as they were approaching a country village.

"If I was to give my candid unbiased opinion," was the reply, "I should say that some one was pulling the rope."

—"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide if you won't have me."

"Well, John, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection, I will believe that you love me."

A New Magazine.

We have, before us, the initiatory number of "*Excelsior, or The Reformer's Companion*," a monthly periodical, published in Cleveland and Cincinnati, Ohio, by L. E. BARNARD, and edited by D. LYMAN, JR., J. B. BEACH, and Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN.

We know nothing, but from reputation, of either of the gentlemen connected with the publication of this magazine. But, with the lady—Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN—we have been favored with a brief personal acquaintance—too brief, indeed, for the "feast of reason and flow of soul" which we enjoyed in her society. As a taste of her qualities, we copy the subjoined articles, which we find in the magazine, over her initials. We are happy to extend the right hand of fellowship to these laborers in the field of human progress; believing, as we do, that they have the ability and disposition to effect much in the cause of human redemption.

The advance subscription price, is two dollars per annum. Single copies, which HAWKS, at the Postoffice, will furnish, are to be had for 20 cents.

"What can Woman Do?"

The rights and wrongs, duties and sphere of woman, have been so long discussed, that some begin to conclude that there remains nothing further to be said upon the subject. Let those who are weary of talking and of listening, turn away; but the worker must work on, hope and pray for the advent of Justice. If our ancestors grew weary of the British yoke, and gave their lives for liberty, is it any marvel that we, too, tire of oppression?—any wonder that we are not disheartened, when we know our cause is a righteous one, and that our weapons are love and truth? We know, as our fathers knew, the injustice of oppression; we feel, as they felt, the galling of the fetters; and, we trust, as they trusted, that Right will conquer wrong—that Righteousness will be established on the earth.

Woman knows her slavery, she feels her wrongs and her degradation; and she knows and feels, too, the justice of her cause, and yet in humility and anguish of spirit, she asks of her brether her God-given rights; she asks to be true to the highest, holiest promptings of her soul. And what does he answer? Why he asks—"What can woman do?" The inquiry might be answered by asking—What can the African do in chains? What might he not do, if he were a free man? None can tell what a free woman can do. She has got to be born. She sleeps in embryo; the great Future will reveal her destiny. Let us work and wait.

Woman is now regarded by the mass, as little else than a bird of beautiful plumage, an advertiser of dry goods and jewels; a care-taker of children, a parlor ornament, a kitchen slave; and, on the whole, a very useful appendage to man.

She is fed and housed, petted and coaxed. A caged canary, or a stall-fed ox, is no better provided for than half the women, and yet she is not content. She is lauded and flattered in story and song. Her "ringlets of jet, her teeth of pearl, her brow of beauty and bosom of snow," have made her the reigning belle at "Vanity Fair." She is lifted in and out of carriages; she is given the best seat in car and coach. What more asks she? What more can she ask? She asks, in Humanity's blessed name, for her true position in the world. She asks to live her true life; and she is answered with a "Thus saith the people," and a "Thus saith the Lord," till she wonders if the Lord is not a partner of the people whose business is the marking out of "woman's sphere."

Woman has seldom wandered from the path pointed out by law and custom. She has fulfilled well her mission. No, not well. She has been the willing slave, the votary of fashion; she has been a good maker of musk; she has been a bond-slave to the man who should sustain to her the holy name of husband in its true significance. She is told that her mission is to "multiply and replenish the earth." She has multiplied disease and discord; sorrow and depravity. She has transmitted to earth insanity, imbecility, inebriation, and sensualism. She has peopled the asylums, prisons, work-houses and Potter's fields.

this is her mission, it is accomplished; and earth and Heaven are the sufferers.

Will those who see and feel the work woman has wrought, ask again—"What can woman do?" She can, aye, she will do much for our humanity. Caged and crushed though she is, desecrated as her soul now is by falsehood, she will be divested of the tinsel and the dross; and in her purity she will go forth and echo the voice of God that to her own soul is speaking. The sweet-voiced Prophecy whispers—"Woman will be the redeemer of the Race."

The midnight of her life is ended; the day-star is rising, and she is rising with it and going forth to meet the morning. She begins to learn that she is "endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." She is beginning to claim her "inalienable rights"—the rights of which she has been robbed. She protests against taxation without representation. She refuses to submit quietly to laws that bind her to the dust.

Is she protected and encouraged in her struggle for freedom? In the Legislative Halls, whose voice has been heard in defence of her rights? Who has put forth a hand to right her wrongs? The law maker tells her she has all the rights she needs, all she can comprehend, and then he pours into her ear his nauseating flatteries. He tells her how well "soft words, sweet smiles" and a kitten-like quietness become a woman. If a man could but guess how disgusting, how sickening to three-fourths of the women these soft, simple sayings are, he would be dumb until a sensible sentence could find egress from his lips.

Two years ago, two thousand women of Massachusetts presented a Petition to the Convention, which had met for the purpose of revising the Constitution, praying to be accepted as citizens of that State, with the rights granted to foreigners who obtain citizenship; and what was the result? Why, the Petition of Massachusetts' noblest children was sneeringly cast aside with the—"Wonder what women will want next!" She asks next a place beside her brother upon God's broad platform. She asks to be his equal, his fellow-laborer. She asks that church and college doors be opened to her as well as him. She asks the same compensation for her labor. She asks for hearts true and holy, for hands willing and strong, to assist in her endeavor to be true to her nature—true to Humanity.

Her petition will be heard; her demands will be met. The time has come for woman to take her position in the world. The age of progression is calling upon her to arise from the darkness and the dust, and go forth a regenerator of the Race. Our crucified Humanity demands the disenthralment of woman's soul, and the denizens of Angel-land are calling upon her for higher types of humanity.

For a time the iron law and the strong arm of public opinion may chain and cage the soul; and the everlasting cry—"Keep in your sphere"—may send her back to her spirit dungeon, to pray and to wait; but despite the scoff and the jeer and the Statutes, the spirit will break its bonds, and onward and upward soar till the goal is won.

Years will come and go before woman's bonds will be broken—and her soul be purified. We have hardly a hope of living here to see her enter the "Promised Land"—of listening to her song of Redemption; but, to Heaven be thanks! we have already heard her voice in the wilderness, crying—"Prepare ye the way for the coming of the world's redemption!" Her slumber is broken, the sleeper is risen.

"The day of the Goth and the Vandal is o'er,
And earth feels the tread of freedom once more."

"What can woman do?" She can elevate and purify her own soul. She can take her place in Truth's Temple, and cast out the money-changers who traffic in the charms and affections of woman. She can elevate her down-trodden sister,—raise the fallen. She can go out into the great world with the oil of joy for the sorrowing, and the olive branch for the discordant souls. She can legislate upon and change the law of Public Opinion. Then her inborn rights will be no longer withholden; then she will take her Heaven-assigned place upon the earth, and do her God-given work for Humanity. Who then, will ask—"What can woman do?"

Lecture by the Spirit of Sarah B. Judson.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM—REPUBLICED.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Amidst the silent and solemn contemplations of the power and beneficence of God, the human mind becomes inspired with high and holy thoughts. There is enkindled within the human heart an impressive devotion, which attracts the affections to that incomprehensible Being, who directs and controls all things. "Love one another," is the teaching and commandment of God. It is a law of infinite perfection, and holds a sympathetic and an immediate connection with the human and immortal mind, the ultimate design of which is to communicate happiness in its various forms, to the differently developed orders of beings, both upon earth and in heaven.

Ye shall love one another, is a law, stamped upon the face of nature, and upon all the glorious and innumerable creations in existence. It is a harmonious relation of spirit and spirit, in the world above, and characterizes the immortal mind with noble and everlasting faculties which are constantly ultimated into higher and more refined developments.—There is something exquisitely touching and beautiful in this divine law, which sends its nutrient influence to the deepest root of human happiness, drawing the chain of affection indissolubly together between mind and mind, and contributing essentially to the unfolding and refining of the powers and faculties of the human soul, whether it may be of an innocent child, or of an aged individual, whose gray hairs are fast falling, like the leaves of autumn, from the citadel of thought.

All should love the tender infant, and teach its feeble mind to receive the purities and beauties of morality, and infuse into its little soul the devotions and virtues of true christian life. All should love the aged. They, perhaps, have realized the wrongs and injustice of the world, and their decrepit condition should loudly call upon you to love them; and as the sustaining elements of human life are becoming enfeebled, you should watch by the couch and point the spirit to the realities of a fairer world—of a sunnier clime, where years furrow not the countenance—where time never leaves its withering trace, but where the faculties of the soul are ever fresh, and the affections ever deep and abiding.

It is a fearful thing to banish from you one human being. It is true there are natural laws of attraction and repulsion, by which human sympathies and friendships are measured; and there are also many minds that dwell upon the frailties and imperfections of other minds, instead of seeking the redeeming traits of character and the spiritual faculties, and, by kindness and tenderness, developing those eternal principles that the inner being may rise above the outward self. This is too characteristic of the human mind; and, as yet, no religious sentiments, no law nor teachings, have so perfected the nature of man as to enable him to see the wrong and cruelty which he inflicts upon other minds, by the constant, ungenerous and hard-hearted outpourings of his own weak nature.

What can strike a deadlier blow upon the human heart, than a careless word, uttered by the lips of some loved friend? There is nothing upon the face of the earth so chilling and blasting to the most hallowed qualities of mind, as the constant rebukes and unkindnesses that fall daily, yea hourly, upon thousands and thousands of human hearts.—Such combative and impetuous characters belong more to the animal nature than the spiritual, for their propensities are inhuman; therefore it is essential that man should have some laws and principles unfolded to the outer perception; that his actions may partake more of the moral and spiritual influence—the interior qualities and essence—the innate and instinctive thoughts of the soul, so that the human mind may view the vast creations before it with new and soul-exalting and soul expanding contemplations of the supreme Mind, and of the natural and spiritual world he inhabits.

Ye shall love one another, is a law of Deity; and its influence upon the mind creates aspirations in the generous soul of man, and directs his thoughts towards immortality and eternal happiness. Enter into

the silent and holy sanctuary of your own heart, and pray to Him, the Father of all, that you may comprehend His holy law; that you may love the simplest flower, the lowest valley and the loftiest mountain; that you may love the weakest mind as well as the highly spiritual one, and feel inspired to teach them the way of wisdom and purity.

The principle of association is an infinite manifestation of the Divine Mind, and flows forth from the great heart of nature, into the qualities and essence of organic life and mental development. Thus it is that the human soul seeks its like from the principle of association and attraction; yet every two minds have some corresponding attractive qualities, and all should strive to seek the good and cast out the evil of each mind, and learn to be kind, and to love one another. There is no heart so unfeeling, but what some gentle affectiona there exist. The brow is not the home of the frown, nor the bright eye the rightful dwelling place of the gushing tear, for nature hath said, within the outward form there is a little germ continually pointing towards a better soil, still progressing in intelligence and affection while on earth. Then you who believe that the human soul is guarded by watchful beings of another world, endeavor to be kind and gentle to the erring. Tell them of the truths of their own being—of the glories and beauties of another world—of the Supreme Father; and this will awaken in their hearts an impulse of gratitude; and, from within the interior self, the prayerful promise will ascend unto Him, the Ruler of all: Oh Father! I will strive to fulfill thy holy law: LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Affectionately yours,

SARAH B. JUDSON.

Slight Circumstances.

Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveler throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. "I was thinking," answered he, "how often we had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveler's safety frequently depends upon it. In a watch the main spring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter; a girl at the door of an inn, changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world might have been different. The Mahomedans have traditions, that when their prophet concealed himself on Mount Shurr, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave. We see the same happy influences of slight circumstances in the history of science. Pascal was born with a genius for mathematical discovery; no discouragement could repress his eager passion for scientific investigation; he heard a common dinner plate ring, and immediately, wrote a treatise on sound. While Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, the regular oscillation of a lamp, suspended from the roof of the cathedral, attracted his observation, and led him to consider the vibration of pendulums. Kepler having married the second time, and resembling, perhaps, the great Florentine astronomer, in his partiality to wine, determined to lay in a store from the Austrian vineyard; some difference, however, arose between himself and the seller with respect to the measurement; and Kepler produced a treatise, which has been placed among the "earliest specimens of what is now called modern analysis."

The slight circumstance of Newton's observing the different refrangibility of the rays of light seen through a prism upon the wall, suggested the achromatic telescope, and led to the prodigious discoveries of astronomy. The motion of a speck of dust, it has been said, may illustrate causes adequate to generate worlds.—*Asiatic.*

—Within a range of five miles around Sebastopol, it is supposed that more blood has been spilt, more lives sacrificed, and more misery inflicted within a year, than on any other equal extent of the earth's surface, in the same time, since the days of Noah's flood.

Now.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The venerable Past—is past;
 'Tis dark, and shines not in the ray:
 'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gone at last—
 There dawns another day.
 Why should we sit where ivies creep,
 And shroud themselves in charnels deep;
 Or the world's yesterdays deplore,
 Mid crumbling ruins mossy hoar?
 Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
 Looking at Was from morn to night,
 When the beauteous Now, the divine To Be,
 Woo with their charms our living sight?
 Why should we hear but echoes dull
 When the world of sound, so beautiful,
 Will give us music of our own?
 Why in the darkness should we grope,
 When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cope,
 Shines as bright as ever it shone?

Abraham saw no brighter stars
 Than those which burn for thee and me.
 When Homer heard the lark's sweet song,
 Or night-bird's lovelier melody,
 They were such sounds as Shakspeare heard,
 Or Chaucer, when he blessed the bird;
 Such lovely sounds as we can hear.—
 Great Plato saw the vernal year
 Send forth its tender flowers and shoots,
 And luscious autumn pour its fruits;
 And we can see the lilies blow,
 The corn-fields wave, the rivers flow;
 For us all bounties of the earth,
 For us its wisdom, love, and mirth,
 If we daily walk in the sight of God,
 And prize the gifts He has bestowed.

We will not dwell amid the graves,
 Nor in dim twilights sit alone,
 To gaze at mouldered architraves,
 Or plinths and columns overthrown;
 We will not only see the light
 Through painted windows cob-webbed o'er,
 Nor know the beauty of the night
 Save by the moon-beams on the floor:
 But in the presence of the sun,
 Or moon, or stars, our hearts shall glow,
 We'll look at nature face to face,
 And we shall love because we know.
 The present needs us. Every age
 Bequeaths the next for heritage,
 No lazy luxury or delight—
 Or strenuous labor for the right;
 For Now, the child and sire of Time,
 Demands the deeds of earnest men
 To make it better than the past,
 And stretch the circle of its ken.

Now is a fact that men deplore,
 Though it might bless them evermore,
 Would they but fashion it aright:
 'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.
 Time, nor Eternity, hath seen
 A repetition of delight
 In all its phases: ne'er hath been
 For men or angels that which is;
 And that which is hath ceased to be
 Ere we have breathed it, and its place
 Is lost in the Eternity.
 But Now is ever good and fair,
 Of the Infinitude the heir,
 And we of it. So let us live
 That from the Past we may receive
 Light for the Now—from Now a joy
 That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy.

An Independent Case.

A correspondent of the *New England Spiritualist*, writing from Fort Plain, N. Y., relates the following fact, which, considering that the medium made no pretension to clairvoyance, may be regarded as a conclusive demonstration of an *ab extra* communicating spiritual intelligence:

A Mr. Mix, now living in this place, visited Boston last winter, and one evening while there, asked a friend if he would like to go and see some of the spirit manifestations. Being answered in the affirmative,

accordingly they, together with two other gentlemen, were soon seated around a medium's table. But a few moments elapsed before sounds were distinctly heard upon the table. The question was put, Have you any thing you would like to communicate? Answer, yes; and the medium's hand wrote something, and handed it to the friend of Mr. Mix. Then a different sound from the first was heard, and Mr. M., putting the question, was assured that a spirit friend was present, and would like to communicate. The spirit was asked to give his name which he did, and to Mr. Mix's surprise, gave the name of an old school mate, who was, as he supposed, then living in Carthage, in this State, he never having learned of his departure from earth. Mr. Mix then asked when he passed into the spirit land? The spirit replied, "On the fourth of August, last." On receiving this, Mr. M. stated to those present that there must be some mistake about this, for he was at his friend's house on that day, and when he left (it being about 3 o'clock, P. M.) he was well and getting in a load of hay. The spirit assured him that it was even so, and, on being interrogated further by Mr. Mix, how he came to his death, informed him through the raps, that he fell from a load of hay on a pitchfork. Mr. Mix immediately wrote to the sister of this purported spirit, inquiring after the health and welfare of his old friend Charles. In due course of mail he received an answer to his inquiries, corroborating the statements made to him at the medium's table, by saying that on the day he (Mr. Mix) left their place, *Charles fell from a load of hay on a pitchfork and was killed!*

HAVE AN AIM IN LIFE.

Every man, rich or poor, ought to have some absorbing purpose, some active engagement, to which his energies are devoted. Not enjoyment, but duty, daily must be the aim of each life. No man has a right to live upon this fair earth, to breathe its air, to consume its food, to enjoy its many beauties, and produce nothing in return. He has no right to enjoy the blessings of civilization, or society, and of civil liberty, without contributing earnest and self-denying labor of head, heart, or hand, to the welfare of mankind. Certainly no man can be truly religious who makes gratification, as distinct from self-denying exertion, the great object of life, and he puts pleasure exactly in the place of duty.—*Selected.*

—Man hath always striven to trace in from the circumference of Nature's object around him, searching for law of government from their surfaces, and thus classifying outsides and drawing imperfect conclusions. He should first open the channel of his central communication with the Fountain of all wisdom, and thus be enabled to view the central powers Nature's numerous host with an enlightened understanding. He hath labored a long life to produce that which death hath shown him to be void of truth.

EVIL COMPANY.—The following beautiful allegory is from the German:

Sopronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his growing up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dearest Father," said the gentle Eudalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her older brother, to visit the volatle Lucinda, "dearest father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from off the hearth, and reached it to his Daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it."

Eudalia did so, and her delicate white hands were soiled and blackened, and as it happened, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eudalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken."

So it is with the company of the vicious.

—A man must first govern himself ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.

Habit.

Who shall adequately describe the evils resulting from this tyrant's sway over frail humanity? As none of the great minds who have made the attempt, have been able to do the subject full justice, we need not try. We may venture, however, to speak of a few of the minor follies and their consequences, which are the fruits of habit, the description of which does not exceed the power of terms furnished by our vocabulary.

Apropos! This last idea begets another, (as the law of legitimate propagation directs,) and furnishes us an appropriate starting point; for it is the bounden duty of every reformist to commence at home.—We, therefore, commence with a habit which prevails in our own profession—that of exhausting all the eulogistic terms in the writer's vocabulary, to express his approbation of the smaller lights of science, philosophy, logic and ethics, leaving none wherewith to distinguish greater merit. Every conductor of a public journal should watch himself carefully, in this respect; for he will not only experience the inconvenience of having no superlative terms left, with which to characterize superlative qualities and abilities, but will soon convince his readers that his puffs are airy nothings, expressing no real sentiment.

As we had no intention, when we commenced this article, of attacking the more deleterious habits which men unfortunately fall into, we will descend, at once, into the field where small habits grow; and the first one which we will notice, is that of interrupting persons who are speaking or reading. When a man enters a room in which there are a number of persons, and under circumstances which render an introduction unnecessary, he should observe whether there is one speaking to the company, or whether they are conversing in pairs or groups. If all but one are listening to that one, he should enter the room as silently as he would enter a church in prayer time, and remain silent, or silently depart. If they are conversing promiscuously, he may either speak in his turn, or seek one or more who are unengaged, to talk or listen to. And if there be any reading for the entertainment of all—and no one has a right to read aloud on any other conditions—it is a never-failing characteristic of ill manners and boorish breeding, to interrupt him, unless it be in a case of urgent necessity; and then it should never be done unceremoniously. Many there are, however, who are in the constant habit of doing violence to decorum, by breaking in upon others who are speaking, and interrupting those who are reading, without seeming to realize the ungentlemanly character of such conduct.—Such persons are not fit to be admitted into respectable society.

Trifling circumstances will sometimes fix a habit upon a man, if he do not watch himself carefully. We once knew a very modest young gentleman, who had a habit permanently fixed upon him, by an incident which a less sensitive mind would not have been affected by at all.

On entering a house in which there were some volatile young ladies, he perceived them ready to burst with laughter, at something in his personal appearance. He soon learned that a treacherous button had let go its hold, and that the knot of his cravat had taken a position under his left ear. This circumstance had such an effect upon him, that he never afterward entered a room where there were ladies, without carrying his hand to that button, or one of its successors, and thence to the knot of his cravat. So confirmed did the habit become, that he frequently did it even on entering a horse-stable.

There are some habits which are almost too disgusting to describe; yet they are practised by some people continually, from whom better things might be expected. One of these is that peculiarly offensive one of *hawking*, and not spitting till the moment before *hawking* again. We were once imprisoned in a stage coach, with a man who had this loathsome habit, for six of the longest hours that we ever experienced. Otherwise he was a gentleman; and it seemed to us wonderful that he had no friends to signify to him how disagreeable he made himself, particularly to people with weak stomachs.

Handcraftsmen and laborers frequently get so in the habit of spitting in their hands, when about to use a tool, that they will do it when they pick up a stone to throw at a dog. We do not now call to mind

more than one case in which a man always spit in his hands before taking up his knife and fork, at the table.

Even those *barberous* gentlemen who disencumber men's faces of their capilose excrescences, contract habits which are annoying to their customers. We will describe one of those habits, from which we suffered no little, in times gone by. The barber whom we have in our mind, after making his lather, took his position on the right side of his subject, as is usual for operators of that profession, and commenced scrubbing on the right jaw, about an inch back of the turn of the chin. There he would continue laboring for some twenty to thirty motions, when he would take a cursory circuit of the whole facial territory, and then return to the starting point, and there labor again most emphatically, till it was time to make another general flourish. So he would continue till he had spent the usual quantity of labor and time in that part of the performance.

One man, to whom we mentioned the circumstance, declared that he knew all that barber's customers, by a peculiar discoloration of the skin, on the right jaw. We have noticed that this habit is growing upon some of the gentlemen of that profession, here in Buffalo.

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this the creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.

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